

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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GRANT'S CONSOLATION FOR IRISH INSULTS.

One Cork always ready to open to him.

PUCK.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced, to "Punch," "Fun" and "Judy," will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, and to this rule we can make no exception.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills presented on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp impressed thereon. KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

CONTENTS.

Grant and the Corkonians.
 The New Inferno.
 PUCKERINGS.
 The Tammany Blowout.
 Snow-Bound.
 PUCK's Rules for the Game of
 Billiards.
 FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA LXXII
 The Young Cobbler's Billet.
 Doux—poem.
 Jarring Jews—harp.
 The Duel—illus.
 A Kiss in the Dark—poem.
 An Over-rated Comedian.

The Pleasures of Popularity—
 illus.
 Awful Effect of a Brief Resi-
 dence in Brooklyn.
 Recent Improvements in Science
 —illus.
 PUCK'S QUESTIONS.
 The Theatres.
 PUCK'S ESSENTIAL OIL OF CON-
 GRESS.
 PUCK'S ESSENTIAL OIL OF ALBANY.
 ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
 A Bunch of Dead Violets.
 PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

GRANT AND THE CORKONIANS.

THE greater portion of the thinking people of these United States look upon Mr. Grant's tour around Europe as they would look upon the bended-kneed hero of the circus as he ambles around the arena on his stenciled steed—it is the "greatest show on earth," as the veteran showman puts it; but it is not from such a show that Presidents should be sought. The pretty tricks of the Babcocks, the harlequinades about the Treasury of the Belknaps and Robesons, afford but sad reminiscences to the people who are tired of making the government a farce.

When Grant takes wine with Disraeli and hob-nobs with Bismarck, the people read, and say "Why not?" Certain charitable minds ask why D. and B. didn't offer the General some good old Blue Grass Bourbon. And that is about all the country cares about Grant's progress abroad. For be it understood:

"Columbia pouvait se consoler du départ d'Ulysse."

But when our man Grant; for whom we shelved Horatio Seymour, and sent the death-warrant to the great and good Greeley—when Grant goes to Paddy's land—taking it in, on his tour, very much as a stranger in New York might roam from Wallack's to the Grand Duke's Theatre—the American stomach rises at the idea of his being insulted by Cork. Cork! Cork refused to receive him. All the bile and all the brogue of Cork rose up at him. To be sure, he had previously stated that his time would not allow him to visit Cork; but with that felicitous capacity for bulls for which the Corkonian heart is noted, the city council said "As you're not coming, bigobbs, we won't lave yez come!"

So Cork comes to the fore. Nobody, except school-teachers and Corkonians, ever knew, particularly, where Cork was before. Many intelligent people supposed it was in Africa where the cork-trees grow; it was also supposed to be

in that Darwinish portion of Oireland where, when the natives sit down, their protruding backbones make a hole in the ground. But now we all know where Cork is. Cork has gained its notoriety, by refusing to receive an American who hadn't the slightest notion in the world of going there.

The pitiable part of the matter is that the Irish-American back is up, and meetings are being organized and speeches prepared in which Galway and Donegal and Sligo and Kilemansmotherum will howl anathemas at Cork. And worst of all, you will find all of this bosh duly dished up to you at breakfast in your morning papers.

Meanwhile the hero of Appomattox handles his handy corkscrew; and as he quaffs the flavor of the potent "Bourbon," remembers that in a long career one cork has ever been open for him.

THE NEW INFERNO.

THAT nice little lamp of Liberté, the arm of which has been stuck up among the cab-men of Madison Square, for many months, and whose body is generally supposed to be in an incompleated state somewhere in France, has not as yet shed its light upon the harbor of New York.

But a greater light than this is illuminating the world. Gas is a fraud compared with it; and Edison's electric light burns dimly beside it. For it is the Light of Liberty, which America has taken, hand-in-hand with France, and together they are lightening up the dark places of the earth.

England, weighed down with debt; with a "striking" and dissatisfied people, and the weight of an expensive war hanging around its neck; Germany, with the shot of the assassin at its heart, and the load of its own poverty and distress weighing it down; Austria hiding from the misery of its own grandeur; Spain rushing away from itself; the Pope subsiding into a deeper and a deeper darkness under the advancing light of civilization—only young Italy catching a ray of the coming dawn—such is the European situation.

With Russia having behind her a ?.

And so the two great nations of the earth go in for freedom and for popular sovereignty: the government that is of the people, for the people. These nations have gone, recently, through great wars; the one inscribes Solvency on its banners; the other places the bar-dexter of Resumption on its escutcheon.

So there is something in a republican form of government and the vox populi after all. If Grant *did* surround himself with thieving politicians; and if Hayes *did* steal himself into a fraudulent Presidency as is asserted, the country is safe and solvent.

A few years ago a dollar in gold was worth \$2.80 in paper. To-day, you can get a gold dollar anywhere for a paper one. How's that for a republican form of government?

It is popularly supposed that the light of the world travels from the East to the West. It is PUCK's mission to show the world that the light of freedom and liberty, which is to brighten the homes of the oppressed and lowly, is fast traveling from the West to the East.

Watch for it, hereditary leeches on the labor of the poor, for its rays will scorch you!

THE pages of the Burlington *Hawkeye* are so thoroughly peppered with "reading notices" of prescriptions for piles and cures for corns, that self-preservation forces us to appoint ourselves a committee of investigation every time, and lose the enjoyment of many of the best things by reading them backwards.

Puckerings.

A BAR'METER—The Moffatt bell-punch.

SHUT up or shoot up, Bogardus! Same to you, Carver!

OF course the skeleton in the closet is a skeleton in *armoire*.

ON the skating pond now it is quite *the* thing to be "club"-footed.

So THEY levy on Levy's sweet toot again! Poor, persecuted blower!

THE devotees of the ballet assert that "beauty unadorned is adored the most."

THE Comstock Lode is one of the burdens we would all be delighted to bear.

AN "ex," cited has reason to be excited, if quoted incorrectly or misconstrued.

"THAT's the kind of a feller I am," he said, and he knocked the other man down.

FOR true pie-eaty, we refer you to the refreshment stand in the structure by the frozen lake.

ON the East-side Elevated Road, by far the most rapid transit is down the slippery, unprotected stairs.

"TRIPPING the light fantastic toe"—Trying to dance on a rough floor with shoes worn out on the sole.

THE only time a printer is ever known to "cut a dash" is when he pares one down to make a hyphen.

If it be true that no news is good news, some of the Philadelphia dailies are emphatically good newspapers.

ACCORDING to the *World*, Victoria's second son resembles the hero of Bayard Taylor's poem—he is a princely Duke-a-lyin'.

OH! that incomprehensible small-boy! He'll turn from five acres of clear smooth ice to work his way through the half foot of slush where the danger sign is.

THE tradesman at the corner acknowledges that to give only 140 eggs in a box marked "12 doz." is a gross mistake, but holds that to have put in 145 would have been a grocer one.

If we are to believe our story-books, ships "crossing the line" are yielded up to the wild pranks of the sailors; despite which, any geographer will tell you that it is ridiculous to speak of any latitude on the equator.

A COLLEGE student tried to get a situation on an eastern paper and exhibited as a proof of literary ability a head full of dandruff.—*N. O. Picayune*.

If the "n" in this last word were an "m", it would fitly express the quality of this joke.

NOTICE.

No. 9 (issue of May 7th, 1877), No. 14 (issue of June 4th, 1877), & No. 26 (issue of September 5th, 1877), No. 56 (issue of April 3rd 1878) of "Puck" will be bought at this office, No. 13 North William Street, at full price.

THE TAMMANY BLOWOUT.

MR. JOHN KELLY gave a party on the 8th of this month, and, with distinguished courtesy, invited Puck.

PUCK went.

It was a very pretty little party, what there was of it. It was held in the large hall of the Tammany Wigwam in 14th street. The room was specially decorated for the occasion. Six well-developed plaster-of-Paris cherubs, symbolical of the likeness of the Society of Tammany to the kingdom of Heaven, were hung by wires to the roof, their duty being to uphold in graceful festoons a long strip of green mosquito-netting. A large and variegated greenhouse was turned loose upon the platform, and the rest of the verdant trimmings were furnished by the Hibernian live-stock. Altogether, the room presented a really brilliant effect.

The ball had many other good points. The objectionable overcrowding characteristic of so many of our public assemblies was carefully avoided in Mr. Kelly's entertainment. Nor was there, among the dancers, any wild and reprehensible abandon. The dancing was dignified—calm—even to the verge of pensiveness. And then again, the painful spectacle of ladies left without proper attendance and escort was not presented to the censorious public eye. To every lady in the room there were at least five or six masculine representatives of the principles of the Society of Tammany or Columbian Order.

One charm of the affair calls for especial commendation. This was the absence of any extravagant tendency to over-dressing. Even among the masculine portion of the assemblage, absolutely full dress was not by any means obligatory. The modest frock-coat was to be seen here and there, and even the unobtrusive shooting-jacket hovered cheerfully in the background.

Taken as a whole, it was one of the most charming little family reunions PUCK has ever attended—quiet, strictly private, and almost, so to speak, confidential—but thoroughly enjoyable.

PUCK arrived early, took a look into the Committee-room, and found it dry. Then he went up stairs, checked his coat, crushed his *claque* under his arm, and stepped into the ball-room, meeting, however, with some temporary hindrance from an energetic and volatile member of the floor-committee, who pursued him with cries of "Hat! Hat!" and, on catching up with him, inquired plaintively and reproachfully: "F'what wud ye be afther doin' wid yer hat, in among the leddies and jontlemin?" But he was an amiable individual, and on the purposes and principles of an opera-hat being explained to him, he offered no further opposition to PUCK's entry, and apologetically accounted for his action by pointing to a large placard in the doorway:

NOTICE.

No Smoking Allowed in this Ballroom.
Gentlemen MUST NOT Keep their Hats on in the Ballroom.

Which made things quite comprehensible.

After entering, PUCK took a turn around the spacious apartment—it was strong on space—and then, observing the distinguished host (easily recognizable from Mr. Keppler's excellent portraits) in a box, high above the level of the floor, he entered and introduced himself.

Mr. Kelly was very glad to see him.

When two minds of such gigantic calibre meet, some grand marvel of conversational art is generally given to an expectant world. The

expectant world, on this occasion, was not disappointed.

PUCK, after thanking the ex-King for his courteous invitation, and complimenting him upon his entertainment, remarked that the hall was

"A FINE ROOM FOR A BALL;"

to which Mr. Kelly replied, with a wonderful grasp of the subject and with his usual forcible and fluent diction, that it was

"AN ELEGANT ROOM FOR A BALL."

And the two great minds parted.

PUCK now desires to renew his compliments and congratulations to his host, and to assure him that he not only greatly enjoyed his evening in Tammany Hall, but that he fully appreciated the delicate significance of the occasion, and cannot withhold his admiration at the graceful way in which Mr. Kelly has chosen to signalize his retirement from public life.

SNOW-BOUND.

THE reports are coming very late of the recent snow blockade; and the daily press, either with its customary lack of enterprise or through the newyearism of the reporters, has failed to give such complete details as PUCK—ever on hand—supplies to his readers this week.

All these tales of theatrical people being snowed up and singing Moody and Sankey hymns in a cold *dépôt* while waiting for the grub which cometh not, give but little idea of what the cold snap has really done to the American people. It has frozen the blood in the veins of politicians and preachers; until they feel as if they had a little north-pole instead of an articulated spine running up their backs.

And, after all, this frigidity is healthy to some of our eminent people. The hey-day in their blood has been getting altogether too warm. Some of them, descended from Irish kings, think they can be kings of the voters in America; some of them, when the heated term is on them, think they serve their Master best by dallying with "white-souled angels;" while Mr. Lorne up in Canada rubs the goose-flesh off his Scottish legs and wishes he had never allowed the low-necked, or low-naked, or bare-legged order to be issued.

So we can take comfort in our cold snap: for there is no Yellow Jack at our doors; and A. T. Stewart must be in a good state of preservation; and Sammy Tilden and Charles Francis Adams don't thaw for a cent; and it hasn't chilled one of our dear friends, the paragrammists;—and last and best of all, PUCK, who is everybody's friend, is as warm and genial as ever.

PUCK'S

RULES FOR THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.

1st. No player to have more than one cue at a time, unless he be a Chinaman.

2d. All miraculous shots to be avoided (as far as possible).

3d. Players meditating a scratch will distinctly state how they intend making it, else it will not count.

4th. No scratch to count, unless it be in the cloth.

5th. The players are informed that the balls are expected to be used again.

6th. The gentleman by the stove, who knows all about it, is to be "braced" at the close of each game.

7th. These rules are not to be scratched or abridged, but followed entire.

W. DUPUY.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No LXXII.

SOME AMERICAN NAMES.



Ya as, aw verwy odd the wemarkable Chwistian names of the majorwity of Amerwican girls. Nevah took any gweat interest in the mattah befaw, yer know, but now when I call to pay

my wespects to Miss Marguerwite, I aw occasionally meet severwal of her fwriends who we-joice in these most extwaordinarwy names—so differwent fwom our gyurls in Gweat Bwitin.

Ya-as aw, these Amerwican cweatures, or watah their parwents and guardians and their godfathahs and g-g-godmothahs, are desperwately fond of the lettahs ie. They're in the alphabet, yer know, and, I believe, are called by fellaws who wite books about gwammah v-vowels. Not quite suah of this, but tolerwably certain.

When one of our gyurls is called Gwendolen or Marwy, here she would pwobably be named, aw widiculously, Mamie or Lulu. Quite too awfully absurd.

Jack and I have been intwoduced to at least a hundwed of young women bearing such curwious names that it fwrequently makes me laugh immoderwately when I weflect on it.

"Addie," one will wemark to anothah, "wasn't Maudie Dusenburwy's dwess, at the weception the othah night, too lovely for anything?" "Ya-as," anothah cweature will weply, "and didn't you notice the attention that San Fwancisco fellow paid to Lettie Wobinson? I wondah if he's wich and wants to marwy. Perwhaps he does. He might suit Florwie or Lillie. If not, there are Josie and Maggie, besides Jennie and Lottie and Lettie—and then I quite forgot Millie, Fannie and Aggie, to say nothing of Kittie and Georgie."

Aw weally quite too awfully widiculous to he-ah such a verwy curwious convahsation, with such an extwaordinarwy arway of names.

There, at least among our set, ye know, if a girl is named Wose we call her W-w-wose not Wosie, and pwecisely the same with othah appellations in our country.

What horwibly bad form it would be if anybody were to call my aw sistah Florwence "Florwie," and severwal ne-ah welations of mine and othah fellaws who are named Harwiet and Henwietta and Katherwine and Margerwy and Pwiscilla and Wosamund et ceterwa to have them with "ie" for bwevity.

Jack has fwrequently said that Amerwicans lack dignity—this will pwobably wear off in time, but I dessay its the weason Amerwican girls wetain all these doll names aw.

Jack has just wead what I have witten about these aw names, and I heard him say something about "infernal foolerwy." Haven't the w-emotest ideah to what he wefers. Suppose something was botherwng his bwain at the moment. I am not a clewah fellow, and I don't twy—in fact nevah did aw—to say bwiliant things, as some fellaws do who have to get their bwead and buttah by witing faw othah fellaws to wead.

I leave all that sort of thing, yer know, to Wuskin, Charles Weade, Miss Bwaddon and othah fellaws. Aw ya-as, quite forgot to mention Gladstone.

P. S.—Some aw horwid Amerwican fellow, yer know, has been aw cirwculating a wumor that I was bawn in Birmwingham. I was bawn within sound of aw Bow Bells. I distinctly we-member aw hearwng them wing the day I was aw bawn. Aw.

THE YOUNG COBBLER'S BILLET-DOUX.

LONG years I'd gladly peg away
To gain your love, fair Mary Ann;
Your eye is bright as break of day,
Your brow like marble Parian.

You are to upper circles born—
With countless thorns my pathway bristles;
But let your heart not look with scorn
On mine, pierced through with Cupid's missiles.

I hammer simple cobbler's lad;
My awl is but a meagre pittance,
Yet worlds I'd give, if worlds I had,
If to your heart 'twould win admittance.

My brogan accent are not fine,
My roll of bills is but a thin roll,
But richer treasure shall be thine—
My inmost soul—that is, my insole.

Though you have suitors well-to-do,
My love for you shall wax the stronger;
Eyelet my heart still cherish you
Till there is room for hope no longer.

Alas! to think I am not rich,
And that my wooing may be fruitless—
That I have not the gold with which
The cobbler's love might not prove bootless.

JARRING JEWS-HARPS.

THE BATTLE OF THE RIVAL MANUFACTURERS.

MUSICAL circles in New York have for some time been agitated over the savage controversy raging between the two largest manufacturers of Jews-harps in this city. Not alone have the special artistic merits of each instrument been hotly discussed; but the two rival firms have taken pains to adduce the character of their personal patronage in proof of the quality of their wares. Mr. Isaacs, the famous Jews-harp builder of Fifth Avenue, has published the long list of artists who employ his Jews-harps, and his only, for private use; while his competitor, Mr. Moses, of 14th street, has proudly produced the certificate of Mr. Volunteer-Colonel Mapleson, who would not for any consideration allow any Jews-harps other than that of Mr. Moses to be used in his Hopera House.

Each maker further supports his claim to popularity by special testimonials from various Jews-harp virtuosi, and these, to the vulgar eye, denote a wide—a significantly wide—difference of opinion among musical authorities.

Some of the authorities, indeed, seem to be able to get up a difference of opinion, each man for himself. Some apparently prefer the Isaacs Jews-harp when in one frame of mind, and accord artistic superiority to the Moses article when differently disposed. Others, however, go the whole hog, select their favorite Jews-harp, and hang on to it.

As matters of public interest, we reprint portions of the manifestoes issued by the two houses.

MR. ISAACS TO THE FRONT.

While I think it totally unnecessary to take any further steps to prove to the honored public the absolute and unquestionable superiority of my Jews-harps over those of all other and inferior houses, yet I deem it my duty to crush imposture wherever found—a duty enjoined on me by my religion, my devotion to my country, and my respectability as an individual.

A low and despicable rival and imitator of my wares has seen fit to issue a proclamation to the effect that his third-rate Jews-harps were

used by the members of Her Royal Nibs's Hopera Company during their stay in this city. This I intend to disprove—

1. By the artists themselves:

KALAMAZOO, MICH., Dec. 30th, 1878.

Dear Mr. Isaacs:

Allow me to say that I used your Jews-harp and yours only and no other, without exception, steadily and persistently, during my stay in New York; and when I was not practicing on it, the hotel chambermaid generally took a lick at it.

I am, my dear sir,
yours multitudinously,

A. Ricardo.	Bartolo Campobello.
Eucalyptus Ornithoryncus.	Adelina Patti.
Michelo Mulligani.	Martinelli.
A. von Beethoven.	Moretti.
Guglielmo Bircho.	Riccadonna.
Pazzi Bolívar.	Spaghetti.
Muldoono (<i>il solido</i>).	Smith.
Giovanni Chelli.	Napoleon Campana.
Giorgio Francisco Locomotivo.	Oliri.

2. By the Hotel Chambermaid:

SWEENEY'S HOTEL, Jan 2d, '79.

My dear Mr. Isaacs:

During the stay of Her Royal Nibs's Hopera Co. in this city I used one of your Double Extra Grand Jews-harps with frequency and vigor. For breadth, depth and width of tone, sustained sonority and singing quality with the soft pedal on, purity of the tonic sol-fa and perfect gradation of the arpeggios, especially in the middle and lower register, I prefer it to all others. The vox humana and back-action crescendo stops are peculiarly effective, and the entire absence of reediness or globularity in the bottom part of the adagio strikes me as an especially valuable quality.

Yours sincerely,

her
MARY + O'BRIENE.
mark

The above facts lead to the following reflections:

1. Do some of my competitors find it necessary to bolster up their waning popularity by certificates from artists who never used them—some who never sounded them?

2. This seems to be an age of extreme smartness, when many people think a lie, with trimmings, is as good as the truth. The last few years I thought I had exploded something; but it seems I have not. I now leave it to the suffrages of an intelligent public whether I have not more than proved the superiority of Jews-harps conducted on a basis of truth and honor. That, at least, is the opinion of

A. ISAACS.—Adv.

MR. MOSES PROVES HIS CASE.

The proud and lofty position which I have occupied for so many years as the leading Jews-harp builder on this mundane sphere, enables me to look down with undisguised contempt and pity on the puny efforts of any miserable and pretentious Jewsharp house who would attempt to dislodge me from my elevated situation; but my sacred regard for truth will not permit me to allow it to be so shamefully and abominably perverted as in the tissue of absurdities with bogus signatures with which the Jews-harp house above referred to has seen fit to publish, for no other purpose than to deceive an indulgent public.

None were the only Jews-harps played upon by every individual member of Her Royal Nibs's Hopera troupe during their sojourn in this city, as the following certificates prove beyond a shadow of a doubt:

KEOKUK, Iowa, Dec. 29, 1878.

Sweet Mr. Moses:

We could not leave New York without bearing testimony to the surpassing beauty and exquisite tone of the Moses Jews-harp. We can say, and we say it boldly, that in the whole course of our lengthened musical experience in Europe, Irup, Orup and Stirup, we never played on a more charming instrument. We feel assured that Her Royal Nibs's Hopera Co. could not have achieved success without the aid of the Moses Jews-harp, and we may add that the diminuendo of the dominant, sub-dominant and pink dominant are absolutely unapproachable in their character. The carved legs and overstrungness especially fit it for the tongue and drawing-room; and be assured, charming Mr. Moses, that no other Jews-harp but yours shall ever be used by us.

Believe us always, beloved Mr. Moses,
Very sincerely yours,

Oliri,	Eucalyptus Ornithoryncus,
Napoleon Campana,	Giovanni Chelli,
Smith,	Muldoono (<i>il solido</i>),
Spaghetti,	Pazzi Bolívar,
Riccadonna,	Guglielmo Bircho,
Moretti,	A. von Beethoven,
Martinelli,	Michelo Mulligani,
Adelina Patti,	Giorgio Francisco Locomotivo,
Bartolo Campobello.	A. Ricardo.

Signor Mose:

Carissimo mio—Since the day of my birth I have invariably used the Moses Jews-harp. I consider it far superior to all others from its exquisite chromatic scale qualities, the slantindicality of its double-distilled keyboard, and especially the andante of its fortissimo in the middle states. No known Jews-harp has such perfect adagio in the carambole of its ricochet, and its orchestral effects are simply superb, while the patent tongue-attachment is *magnifique* in its beauty and simplicity.

tuo sempre sincero,

ARDITI,

Conductor of Her Royal Nibs's Hopera.

PIER 1, EAST RIVER, Jan. 2d, 1879.

My dear Mr. Moses:

Your Jews-harp is the only one that I consider a perfect instrument. I never patrol the piers without one, and its dulcet sounds, so free from metallic quality, have been the means of saving many a life. I especially admire the Moses Jews-harp for its thorough bass, its second base and short stop. My opinion on this subject is shared by all my musical friends.

Yours most truly,

"NAN," THE NEWS-BOY.

The above certificates speak for themselves, but I think it advisable to append the report of the jury on Jews-harps at the Philadelphia Exhibition:

Moses's Jews-harps.

For Overstrungness.....102

" Dominant qualities.....102

" Sub-dominant qualities.....102

" Pink dominant qualities.....102

Average: 102 out of a possible 100.

ED. HANSLICK.	H. HILTON.	} Judges.
F. GEVAERT.	KLAPKA.	

Surely this ought to satisfy all doubting Thomases. In conclusion, I would remark that I not only hold the order of the Legion of Honor for Jews-harps, but that I have been presented by some of my admirers with an earthenware mug, on which is tastefully emblazoned in letters of gilt, "To B. Moses, for the best Jews-harp."

I now leave my case in the hands of the public, with the full assurance that I shall receive justice at its hands, and that it will not be bamboozled into purchasing any other than the Moses Jews-harp.

B. MOSES.—Adv.

THE DUEL.

IN ALL CLIMES AND TIMES.



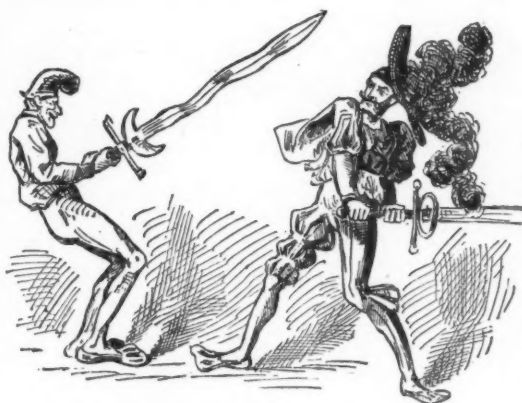
1. IN JAPAN. Each man slices himself, and the superiority lies in looking the most pleasant over the operation.



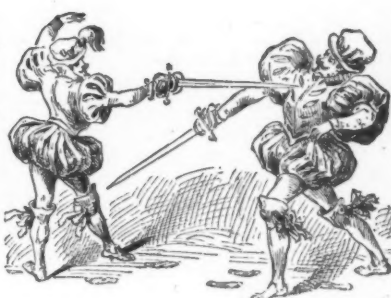
2. IN ANCIENT GREECE. Most of the fighting was lingual. The combatants slung Greek roots at each other until one succumbed.



3. IN THE MIDDLE AGES. Injured husbands literally let daylight through their rivals. The heaviest man generally won.



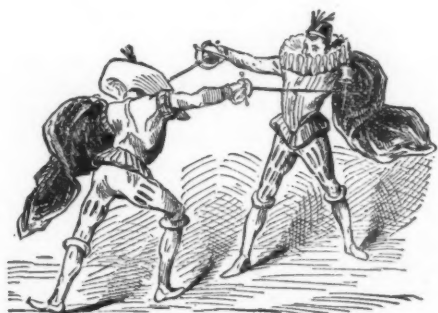
4. TIME OF THE GERMAN RENAISSANCE. Base-ball bat practice. Origin of the custom of hitting a man a clip.



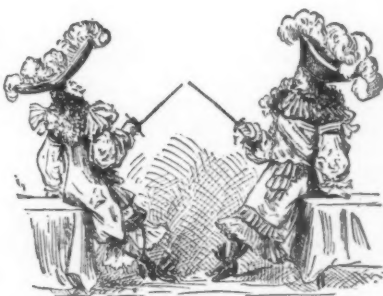
5. FRENCH RENAISSANCE. The Duel regarded as a species of fancy dance.



6. UNDER LOUIS XIII. Decidedly pretty, and having the immense advantage of being quite harmless.



7. IN SPAIN. Application of the principles of the bull-fight. They steered clear of each other.



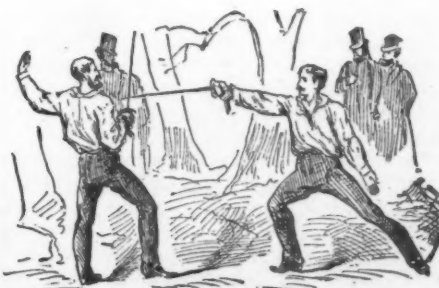
8. UNDER LOUIS XIV. A rather languid performance, which salved wounded honor without making holes in a man.



9. UNDER LOUIS XV, and XVI. Three passes to the hour.



10. UNDER NAPOLEON I. This form of combat is still preserved on the boards of the Old Bowery.



11. MODERN FRENCH STYLE. This shows the combatants at short range; but as a rule, when swords are chosen, the distance is about thirty-five paces.



12. UNDER JOHN KELLY I. The acme of civilized dueling.

A KISS IN THE DARK.

W HICH I wish to remark,
That a pleasure in vain
Is a kiss in the dark
When it leaveth a stain:
And a maid who strikes quickly her colors
When pressed, I shall never maintain.

It was at a "surprise,"
Where the fair ladies went
To kill time, while it flies,
With their beaux, who were bent
On having a social re-union,
At the cost of—well, more than assent.

Just here let me say
To the ladies below,
Who in polka display
Their fantastic light tow,
That their husbands, upstairs, also poker—
Yes, ladies, you well may cry "Owe!"

If the husbands but knew
How their wives flirt below,
They would be to them—glue;
For they'd stick to them so
That the popinjays all would look elsewhere,
Nor want for a trip of the toe.

In the waltz I embraced
A fair maid with soft eyes.
O! the size of her waist
Made me waste many sighs;
And I likened her cheeks to red roses,
And whispered, "Sweet love never dyes."

Then together we strayed
In the light of the moon,
Where I kissed that sweet maid;
She pretended to swoon,
But her faint was a feint, so I kissed her
Again, for I relished the boon.

Back again on the floor,
With my sweet art I danced,
While the people there wore
Merry smiles, as they glanced
At my partner, so stayed—in her manner,
And at me, so completely entranced.

When my love turned around
I was shocked at the sight;
Where the roses were found,
One had met with a blight;
While a cheek was still blooming and rosy,
The other was fearfully white.

From my good-looking lass,
Filled with fright, I straight flew
To a bad looking-glass,
Where I gazed; then I knew
That my nose, which was formerly turn-up,
Was radish—bright crimson in hue.

Which is why I remark,
That a pleasure in vain
Is a kiss in the dark
When it leaveth a stain;
And a maiden who runs when you kiss her,
Is fast—which I'll ever maintain.

H. C. DODGE.

AN OVERRATED COMEDIAN.

M R. GEORGETHECOUN JOANNES, a comedian whose fame is now well-nigh world-wide, has been playing a brief engagement at the Olympic Theatre, to, of course, crowded houses.

It is Puck's sad and serious duty, in following the path he has marked out for himself, to correct popular errors, and direct popular enthusiasm into proper channels. It is this, and this alone, that forces him to undertake the ungrateful task of submitting to the keenest and coldest critical analysis the efforts of one who, however worthy of respect as an individual, yet enjoys a reputation as an artist which he is far from deserving.

THE PLEASURES OF POPULARITY.



Our Popular Preacher, being laid up with rheumatism, is waited upon by his Congregation, each of whom brings a different remedy, which is guaranteed to be the ONLY SURE CURE.

In spite of the all but unanimous verdict of the world, we cannot—we really cannot—look upon Mr. Georgethecoun Joannes as a true comedian, in the highest sense of the word.

He is unquestionably an actor of intelligence and culture, and a brave and original innovator, as is clearly exemplified by the novel step he has taken in introducing the system of popular accompaniment in his entertainments. We believe that he is the first professional who has taught his audience to take an active part in the play being performed on the stage. We believe he is extremely likely to be the last. But that is a side issue.

We repeat, however, we do not consider that Mr. Georgethecoun Joannes has the true idea of comedy. Let us take his performance of *Hamlet*, for instance. The face he makes on entering, is, we admit, excessively funny. But while his stride across the stage—obviously modeled on that of Mr. John T. Raymond—invariably brings roars of applause and spontaneous shouts of "Right! Left! Right! Left!" from the gallery, yet it is scarcely in accordance with the rules of true art. It may make groundlings laugh—we cannot deny this—when Mr. Georgethecoun Joannes, on kneeling to the ghost of his father, tumbles down and is unable to get up without the assistance of the supers—but does it not make the judicious sick?

And then again—Look with judicious calmness at the *Richard III.* of Mr. Georgethecoun Joannes. When the star kneels, imploring Miss Pneumonia Fairbanks to impale him, and that talented lady wobbles the blade uneasily in front of the royal chest-protector, while the well-drilled audience choruses: "Reach for his gore, old gal!" the effect is undoubtedly electrical; but does it not rather verge on the domain of pure tragedy than on that of comedy?

We do not like to destroy cherished traditions—to cast down idols of long standing. But we feel it our sacred and solemn duty to proclaim to the people of America that Mr. Georgethecoun Joannes is far from being the comedian he sets up to be. He is decidedly inferior to Mr. James Lewis, and we say this boldly, while recognizing all the comic force of the effect he produced, during his last engagement, by inducing the audience to shower beans upon him as he leaped into *Ophelia's* yawning grave.

AWFUL EFFECT OF A BRIEF RESIDENCE IN BROOKLYN.

BROOKLYN, January 6th.

Mr. PUCK:

Sir—I have read your paper for the last 6 months with great satisfaction and delight. The manner in which you have exposed Talmage, Beecher, and other actors of gush and hypocrisy, has met with my humblest approval. I have only just taken up my residence in this city and have been astonished at the differences in the people's manners to other villages of the state it is quite a different place to New York to reside in and one does not believe it until you reside in it some time. I have made many acquaintances in different quarters of all grades, religions trades &c. For the last week I have noticed a waggon being driven about Streets with a sign on "We make your homes happy." (It is cradles carriage makers.) It chanced to be passing whilst I was purchasing gem of a velvet frame from a store in Fulton St. I happen to make the remark to the proprietor a clever little fellow. How easy some folks think they can make their homes happy—with a twinkle in his eyes. Let me advise you if you are a married man not to introduce a Beecher into your family for is motto is something like George the 4th of England fat fair and forty on going out I observed the name of Loader on the door I thought Beecher had bottle that crowd up. Please Mr. Puck give us your opinion on that clerical scam and oblige

VERITAS, Age 13.

Up to date, by actual count, two hundred and seventeen (217) papers have perpetrated the joke on the word "cipher." "Fall leaves and leaves fall" must take a back seat now.

It was a very pretty figure. With one skate he drew a rough chart of the celestial phenomena, while with the other he executed quite an accurate copy of the *Herald* war-map. Then he attempted to draw four parallel lines in the air, but the wind was too strong and blew them out. Then he sat down!

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN SCIENCE.



THE CHRYSOPHONE. All Musicians are aware that the *Timbre*, or quality of the Voice, depends chiefly on the construction of the oral and nasal cavities; the Nose and Palate acting as Sounding-boards, so to speak, to the Note originated in the Larynx. A well proportioned Chrysophone makes the most ordinary Voice as far superior to Grisi's or Mario's as theirs were to the croaking of Frogs, and, by its means, the tenth-rate Suburban Amateur, singing the last Music-Hall Ballad, can plunge the coldest and most cultivated Audience into impassioned ecstasies, and cause the tear to flow from the eye of even the Professional Critic.

N. B.—The Chrysophone can be so adapted to the Human Face as to appear a natural prolongation of the Nose and Mouth, and so colored and decorated as to be the reverse of unsightly.

(Chrysophones made to order for Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, and Bass. 85 Fleet Street, E. C.)—*London Punch.* (Funny for once!)

PUCK'S QUESTIONS.

PUCK does not propose to let his Extra-Esteemed Contemporary, the *New York World*, monopolize the whole of the prize question business. He has hitherto always steered clear of the puzzle department which six small-boys and one school-girl with a blighted heart ask him to start every week of his life. But since so respectable a journal as the *World* has set the fashion, Puck proposes not only to take a hand in the game, but to discount all competitors. The fact is, when it comes down to asking questions, Puck is particularly well qualified. He has long retained on his large and talented staff the Champion Buzzer of the Universe—a man who could query Patience off her Monument. For this individual Puck has hitherto had no special use; but now he means to play him for all he is worth. He has for the past two weeks fed the Champion on dictionaries, thesauri and catechisms, and now he is going to let him loose on the *World*, the flesh and the public at large.

From now until the 21st Sunday after Septuagesima, known in the church calendar as *Viginti-unus*, Puck will give weekly a list of Questions similar to the following, only worse if possible, and will receive answers thereto up to the above date, after which the polls will be closed, and all outside at time of closing will stay

there. For the best set of answers and the next best set, down to the worst, Puck offers the following set of

PRIZES.

For the Best Set of Answers.		
" 2d "	" "	50 cts.
" 3d "	" "	25 "
" 4th "	" "	20 "
" 5th "	" "	15 "
" 6th "	" "	10 "
" 7th "	" "	9 "
" 8th "	" "	8 "
" 9th "	" "	7 "
" 10th "	" "	6 "
" 11th "	" "	5 "
" 12th "	" "	4 "
" 13th "	" "	3 "
" 14th "	" "	2 "
" 15th "	" "	1 ct.
* " worst best "	" "	{ 1 copy of the
† " very worst "	" "	{ <i>Christian Union.</i>
		{ 2 copies of the
		{ <i>Christian Union.</i>

* † A chromo goes with the two last.
Answers must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a certificate of good character, signed by the writer's mother-in-law, or, in case the mother-in-law is dead, or occupied, the writer's nearest male friend may sign the certificate.

We cannot undertake to return rejected contributions, and to this rule we shall in future make no exceptions; but stamps may be enclosed, all the same.

The following constitute the first instalment of QUESTIONS.

- 1.—Where was Moses when the light went out?
- 2.—Why do the summer roses fade?
- 3.—Who stole Stewart's body?
- 4.—Who invented buckwheat cakes?
- 5.—And why?
- 6.—Who was the author of the quotation:
"Shake not thy gory locks at me—
Thou canst not say I done it!"?
- 7.—How much did the man who struck E. Patterson strike him for?
- 8.—Who first wore a chest-protector? And what was there peculiar about his great-grand-mother?
- 9.—What is the origin of the custom of licking a postage-stamp?
- 10.—Why are five-cent shines charged at the rate of five cents apiece? And in what respect does this compare with the battle of Agincourt?
- 11.—Why is it advisable to wash one's self, and who first used water for this peculiar purpose?
- 12.—Little Bo-Peep, she lost her sheep, and didn't know where to find them. How is this fact connected with the well-known fable of Bryan O'Lynn?
- 13.—Has the Marquis of Lorne a strawberry-mark in the small of his back? And if not, why not?
- 14.—The Princess Louise bought a tin teapot the other day, in Ottawa, for twenty-five cents. She did, indeed. Supposing she did, what then?
- 15.—Are there any authentic cases, in history or traditional mythology, of baked snow-balls?
- 16.—If Dick's father were Tom's son, what relation was Dionysius the Pig-Sticker to Eli Perkins?
- 17.—What is the origin of doing in Turkey as the Turks do? And how many thousand idiots regard the use of this phrase as intensely humorous?
- 18.—Who killed Cock-Robin? What grounds are there for believing that the Sparrow lied? And was the Sparrow married?
- 19.—What peculiar animal supplies the place of the bed-bug in Kamschatka?
- 20.—Who was the original Great American Pie-Biter of Hornellsville, and were his duties performed in a perfunctory manner, or did he bite the plate?
- 21.—How do you construe: "*Kipseiphomai ephilaneigan katsileusthain*"? And is *katsileusthain* in the aorist perfect, or is it web-footed?
- 22.—What was "the light of other days," and why did it light out?
- 23.—In how many years from now is it probable that the news of the Mexican war will reach Philadelphia?
- 24.—Who was Dion Boucicault, and what was he king of?
- 25.—If you saw a man chasing a jack-rabbit with a pink rosette on his left ear and the jack-rabbit ran up to a third-rate carpenter who had lost five wives by small-pox, the last one having been regarded by some physicians as merely a case of virulent varioloid; and the carpenter afterwards joined the greenback party and took to drink, thereby causing a depreciation in the breadstuffs market equivalent to the cosine of $a-b+c=d$, and inducing the aunt of the Governor of Winnebago to elope with a giraffe from a circus which had previously gone into bankruptcy by means of fraudulent affidavits procured from a moon-eyed leper in the Jews' quarter of Bagdad, it being an off-year for watermelons and rather inclined to the horizontal, with Italian fluting along the edges, would you consider that man insane?

PUCK.





THE NEW INFERNO.

THE THEATRES.

At WALLACK'S "Ours" is reviving pleasant associations, and bracing up the clientelage of the theatre to stand the shock of impending American dramas. Mr. Wallack as *Hugh Chalcote*, and Mr. Coghlan as *Angus McAllister*, revel in Robertson for a brief hour before the native playwright gets them in his ravenous clutch. It is needless to say that Mr. Wallack pulls on his boots with all the old-time effectiveness, and that Mr. Coghlan turns his gallic art full-stream on to *Angus McA.* "Ours" holds the stage and the public for another week, and then—Mackaye and Campbell.

The STANDARD is to give us "H. M. S. Pin-afore" while Mr. Henderson's company makes glad the waste places of the provinces. "H. M. S. P." is not—we want this distinctly understood—the regulation British burlesque, awful in ancient puns and attenuated legs. It is a genuine *opéra bouffe*; really clever, judged by the French standard, and yet it wouldn't bring a blush anywhere, under any circumstances. Tom Whiffen is the *Captain*, and the managers could never—no, never!—what, never?—well, hardly ever—hope to find a better man for the part.

Mr. Hermann Linde read "Macbeth" at Steinway Hall on Wednesday and Saturday of last week. He has a fine English accent, and a remarkable memory, and when he says "Hence, horrible shadow—unreal mockery, hence!" he sits down in his banquetting chair with such artistic force as almost to break the platform.

"None but the brave deserve the fair," and we suppose this accounts for the large attendance of fair women and brave men at the St. Joseph's School fair, held at Masonic Hall, East 86th street, near Third Avenue. It was a grand success; and a handsome silk banner was awarded to George Ehret, by a majority of 2,150 votes, as the most popular brewer. Four thousand dollars altogether were realized, which will be used towards erecting a well-ventilated school-house.

PUCK'S
ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7th, 1879.
SENATE.

The most potent, grave and reverend, having got over the holidays, settled down to work once more and commenced talking about

THE TRADE DOLLAR.

SENATOR VOORHEES said the trade dollar was not a dollar that one could trade comfortably with, and its circulation in our midst and its manufacture betrayed a gross violation of the constitutional power of Congress. It was originally intended for the purpose of taking in South Sea Islanders and Chinamen, but it had, like ex-Minister Lady Mary Pierpont, signally failed in its mission. Cyrus Field's steam mov-

able ice-boxes, otherwise known as the New York Elevated Railroad, wouldn't take them, and at some lager beer saloons one could only buy eighteen glasses with a trade dollar. In short, this coin was very like what the New York *Sun* thought of President Hayes. But we ought to be tender with it and make it a legal one; then blessings would be showered on our heads, and tramps would not refuse the trade dollar as they had been known to do on several occasions. Secretary Sherman was a financial demon of the deepest dye, and his natural predilection for conspiracy had induced him to lend his sacred office for the purpose of encouraging conspirators in general in their nefarious practices. The trade dollar must be a dollar, and hang the expense. The working classes, and especially those who didn't work, wanted all the silver and gold—and greenbacks too, for that matter—they could lay their hands on. Everything was on the way, at lightning express speed, to blue and red ruin. And why? Because the Republican party had everything in their own hands.

The Senate here showed signs of having had enough of Senator Voorhees for the present, who promptly sat down.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MR. ACKLEN, as a Democrat and a Louisianian, felt compelled to air his oratory in the matter of privilege. He had really been very badly treated, so badly, indeed, that he would like several members of the House, a stenographer, a sergeant-at-arms, and several other employees of the government, and other luxuries, to be placed at his disposal to clear his character. Unfortunately the people connected with the cruel calumnies were dead.

PUCK'S
ESSENTIAL OIL OF ALBANY.

ALBANY, Jan. 7, 1879.

Our noble Legislature commenced business in a new ten-million dollar Capitol. Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer made an address, which was followed up by Governor Robinson's message on sundry topics of more or less interest. A large portion of it was appropriately devoted to Asylums for the Insane, State Prisons, County Jails and Poorhouses, and the Inebriate Asylum especially also received a very considerable share of attention. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

January 8.

Thomas G. Alvord was nominated Speaker and subsequently elected. This brief notice will save Puck's readers a deal of trouble in wading through speeches.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She will give you the rest of it in a soup-tureen.

BUFFALO JIM.—"Is Carboline harmless for the hair?" So far as we know, yes. It is harmless for the hair, but not for the individual using it. We saw a really charming young man—probably just about your age—lynched, the other day. He put it on and then sat near the stove, and as he thawed out his friends rose and set upon him.

A BUNCH OF DEAD VIOLETS.

MRS. ALEXANDER FRASER IN TINSLEY'S MAGAZINE.

PART I.

"GREENWAY'S ROYAL HIPPODROME.

The largest and most wonderful Circus in the World! Jumbo, the eccentric Elephant, and the extraordinary Peacock.

Mules, Donkeys, Dogs.

Banco the Clown, and his inimitable jokes.

Startling and unparalleled feats of Equestrianism.

Mademoiselle Lucille, the Wonder of the West, on her trained horse Spitfire.

Doors open at seven o'clock.

Entrance, sixpence; reserved seats, one shilling."

IT was a very exciting bill of fare for a dull cathedral town, in which mundane amusement was believed to pave the road to perdition. And so thought Charlie Wilmot, a captain in the K. D. G., whose regiment had been quartered five weary months in York.

He glanced at his watch.

"Five o'clock!" he said to himself, half aloud. "Just time enough to dine comfortably, and drop in about the middle of the mummery. I'll go! Anything is better than the routine of this horrible place."

"The largest and most wonderful circus in the world," to be viewed for the moderate expenditure of one shilling by the upper current, and for sixpence by the so-called "caterpillars of creation," was a temptation of Beelzebub that the rigid Yorkites could not resist.

Even before the utterance of "Sesame!" the entrance was besieged by a mass of impatient counter-jumpers, milliner girls, grocers and bakers, soldiers, tinkers, tailors, with an occasional plowboy and thief.

It was a common medley enough—unredeemed by a single *creme de la creme*, with his spotless shirt-front and his fragrant gardenia. Nevertheless the orchestra, composed of some shrill fifes and wheezy flutes, a cracked violin or so, a loud-sounding drum, and a couple of jingling triangles, struck up with enormous energy

"When the band begins to play;"

and Jumbo, the eccentric elephant, a huge beast with cropped ears and lengthy trunk, floundered into the middle of the sawdust. Poor much-abused brute! if he had possessed a reflective soul, how unflatteringly he would have contrasted the *Christians*, who ruthlessly stuck sharp skewers into his rusty hide, with the heathens of his native clime!

Jumbo having waded and plunged through his performance, the extraordinary peacock, the mules, donkeys and dogs were put through their tricks and paces; while Banco the clown uttered his imbecile jokes, and evoked roars of laughter from the rough and highly-appreciative audience.

After that a man, habited half Turk and half harlequin, ambled, on a "milk-white palfrey," six times round the arena in six grotesque attitudes. This accomplished, Banco the clown remained again in possession of the field.

After turning sundry somersaults he perched himself on a barrel.

"Friends, countrymen, lovers, look here!" he cried. "If there was an island with a stack of hay upon it, and a donkey on the mainland, how would that donkey reach that hay without wetting his feet?"

A dead silence.

Grocers, bakers, soldiers, sailors, down to the plowboy and the thief, considerably impressed by the enigma, regarded each other inquiringly, while Banco, with a twinkle in his eye, regarded them *en masse*.

"Give it up?" he asked of a rosy-faced

country bumpkin in a blouse, who sat opposite with wide-open eyes and gaping mouth.

"Ye-es, I does!"

"And so did the other donkey," Banco answered, with a chuckle, bringing down the house, in the midst of which Charlie Wilmot strolled quietly into a seat as much aloof as possible from his kind.

It was not a pleasant seat. It was next to the gate that gave admission to the ring. A strong equine odor, varied by puffs of lamp-oil and musty hay, pervaded the atmosphere, but the man, indolent and ennuied, dropped into his chair, wrapped in true insular reserve, and shrinking into himself from the proximity of an objectionable neighborhood.

Once more the orchestra, after two discordant crashes, struck up a monotonous, but not melodious, air. The gate opened wide, and Mademoiselle Lucille, the "Wonder of the West," on her trained horse Spitfire, appeared.

In she came amidst clapping of hands—a bit of a girl, scarcely more than a child; a slight figure in a tightly-fitting dark-green habit; a figure lovely now, but giving promise of perfection later; a face beautiful as a houri's, pure as an angel's; great innocent blue eyes, very sad and wistful, a sorry contrast to the stereotyped smile that rested on the soft red lips; tiny features, chiseled like a cameo; a skin as though she had been dieted on milk and roses; and hair that was a positive glory—long, rippling, shining, straying over the delicate temples down to the slender supple waist.

Spitfire was a good-looking bit of horseflesh, and merited the puffing he got in the bill. There was no vice in his eye either, in spite of his dangerous cognomen; and he waltzed and capered, pirouetted and vaulted, at the will of his rider.

Mademoiselle Lucille was a decided success. As she went round and round, the audience cheered and bravo-ed, while a deeper rose flush tinted her cheek. A smile still beamed on her half-parted lips, and the same sad wistful look dwelt in her large eyes; and Charlie Wilmot, roused out of both indolence and ennui, sat with his gaze fixed on the girl's face.

That face had fairly fascinated him when the last round was completed.

The "Wonder of the West" flew down from her steed as lightly as a bird, and bowed and kissed her tiny hands to the audience she had taken by storm. Then, as she turned to go, Charlie Wilmot leant eagerly forward, and, taking a bunch of violets from his coat, he flung them down. They touched Mademoiselle Lucille's glittering hair in their fall. She quickly lifted up her face: two pairs of eyes met. Then the girl stooped, picked up the violets, and thrust them hastily into her bosom.

Charlie Wilmot strolled home through the silent York streets. The "Wonder of the West" had bewitched him. The demon of ennui had been exorcised by Mademoiselle Lucille's face.

Young, handsome, heir to an old baronetcy, and an eligible, the fair Yorkites had pulled caps for him at the staid, highly respectable, and wearisome assemblies of the town. But Charlie was impervious to their blandishments. He was of a peculiar temperament, too. Impulsive, yet strong of will; passionate-natured, yet full of self-control; too indolent to flirt, too fond of independence to marry, yet withal experiencing a strange sort of void in his heart.

The honest truth was that no woman's face had ever really touched him until he looked on Lucille's.

Was he really caught at last? The thought struck him ludicrously, and he laughed aloud. "Mademoiselle Lucille," forsooth! Probably a Jemima or a Betsy sprung from the lowest depths—a girl who plied her trade for the

amusement of a groveling mass, whose very features and form were to be commented on and criticised by vulgar tongues.

But *what* a figure she had! So fragile and yet so rounded; so replete with soft curves and supple bends. What a face she had! Pure and white as a snowdrop, tinted like a sea-shell. What glorious tresses—waving and rippling and shining like burnished gold! And what eyes!

Charlie Wilmot fell asleep, with the blue eyes, so sad and so wistful, of Mademoiselle Lucille looking into his.

PART II.

THE two following evenings found Charlie at the circus. Immovable, almost spell-bound, he watched Lucille in her flying rounds. Was it only a fancy, he wondered, or did the blue eyes that had haunted him perpetually turn his way?

On the third evening, with his hat slouched over his forehead, he waited in the shadow, near the back entrance of the building; and his heart beat very fast when a little figure, wrapped in a dark cloak, came out and slightly touched him in passing. That touch sent quite a thrill through him, and, starting forward, he laid a finger lightly on the girl's shoulder. She shrank away without glancing towards him, and hurried on as if afraid. But Charlie felt that he *must* speak to her.

"Mademoiselle Lucille!" he murmured, in a low voice, that shook in spite of himself.

She paused. Her face, smaller, whiter, lovelier than ever in the starlight, was turned fully to him. But she did not speak. He stood awkward and speechless for a moment. He had never lost his presence of mind before a countess; but now he was abashed and tongue-tied before a mite of a girl whose sad solemn eyes were lifted to his own.

"Forgive me," he said at last—"forgive me for having detained you; but—"

She recognized him at this minute. He was the man who had flung violets at her—the handsomest man she had ever seen.

"But what?" she asked, in a shy voice. And a warm pink color surged over her face, two broad white lips drooped, and long curling lashes cast a shadow on her cheek.

"But I could not help it," Charlie answered deprecatingly.

No answer, but she stood still.

It was no conventional wooing this. A handsome man, a lovely girl, a myriad of twinkling stars laughing in the clear sky, solitude, and—*proximity*.

Charlie never knew how it came about. But Lucille's hand, looking like a small snow-rift, was fast imprisoned in his clasp, and Lucille's beautiful face was very close to his own.

"Lucille," he whispered, "I love you!"

He felt the hand flutter in his. He could hear her breath come fast, her heart beating in unison with his own; and all this emboldened him.

"It isn't strange, is it, Lucille, that a man should lose, not only his head, but his heart, to a face like this?" And putting his hand under her chin, he gently raised her face.

Lucille did not shrink away from him now. Her lids slowly opened, her lips had lost their stereotyped smile, and wore the same wistful look as her glance. She was no high-born lady, and this rapid wooing did not offend her. Thoroughly guileless and frank herself, she believed in the man whose eyes had met hers—not boldly, but softly—almost tenderly. Her heart beat quicker under Charlie's fervent gaze. It was growing late; the by-street was deserted. The two were as virtually alone as though stranded in a desert.

Charlie Wilmot threw his arm round her. His blood was on fire, his head whirled round.

"Do you think you could love me, Lucille?"

The child had, like Juliet, "no cunning to be strange." Her lovely face grew like a blush rose, her sapphire eyes glittered like the stars above her.

"Yes," she answered very softly.

And Charlie, gathering her closer, passionately kissed her sweet red lips.

PART III.

"GREENWAY'S ROYAL HIPPODROME" proved a grand success. Throngs of people crowded in, and the departure of the circus from York was daily postponed; and among the throng Charlie Wilmot could be nightly seen. Punctually at the hour of ten, five minutes before Lucille came on, he threaded his way to a seat close to the entrance of the ring; and later, when the town grew silent and still, a pair walked up and down the street, forgetful of sleep, forgetful of everything save themselves. It was only the old, old story, sweeter each time it is told, owning as much witchery now as when Adam whispered it to his Eve amidst the scented bowers of Paradise; and between love words and caresses Charlie gleaned that Lucille had nothing foreign about her but her professional name. She was simply a waif, a stray, cast on the rough waters of life, with nothing to guard her from evil but the shield of her own innocence and the loving kindness of God.

"Who was her father, who was her mother? Had she a sister, had she a brother?"

To all of which Lucille shook her head, while the wistful shadow deepened in her iris, and the corners of her mouth quivered like a child's.

"And you have no recollection of home?"

Charlie asked, clasping her nearer for the sheer sake of her terrible loneliness.

"No."

Out of the dim caverns of memory she could only evoke the kindly touch of a big brown hand on her head—the words "Polly" and "Pet" in a woman's tender voice ever since she was quite a child. Mr. Blodgers (that was Greenway's real patronymic) had been her master. He was not always cruel; sometimes, when he was angry, he struck her. Baring her slender wrist, she showed a purple mark on the soft white flesh, and Charlie, with murderous feelings towards the brute Blodgers, seized the delicate arm and devoured it with kisses, and Lucille forgot the pain of the bruise in the thrill those kisses sent through her heart; for Charlie was the first man she had loved, and she loved him with such a great, great foolish love that it swallowed up every other feeling.

Seven meetings, each composed of two hours, had gone by. Love cannot be measured by time; it springs up like a fungus in the night. It flourishes apace, and, like the wind, none know whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. With Lucille love was a pure and holy thing.

With Charlie! Well, a man's love has always a mingling of the material. He loved Lucille madly; he could not live without her. She was homeless, friendless; surely it could be no wrong to take her from her wretched life, from stinging taunts and cruel blows, from what might become deeper infamy, to surround her with comfort and luxury, to strew her path with honey and roses, to lavish on her the whole love, truth and fidelity of his soul! Marriage was, after all, but a ceremonial. In the eyes of Heaven what could be more acceptable than a true union of heart? Thus he argued, the voice of passion lending sophistry to his arguments; and the voice of passion won.

"We have known each other some time now, Lucille," he said. It was only the twelfth day of acquaintance; but, as has been remarked

before, love cannot be measured by the commonplace method of hours, minutes and seconds. "Does it not seem years and years, pet?"

"It seems all my life," the child answered simply, unconscious how bare she laid her heart in her avowal. It was quite true. She had existed before, but she had only *lived* twelve days.

"They have been very happy, these hours together, haven't they, little one?"

She did not reply, she only clung tighter to his arm, and bending down kissed his hand.

"And what shall we do when it is all over, my child?"

"When all what is over?" she asked, in a queer hushed voice. Not *love*! He could not mean *love*; for love was eternal.

"I mean when the circus leaves York—when you and I part, darling?"

"Part!"

The word broke from her in a whisper. The face he looked down on was white as the driven snow; the blue eyes were pitiful—*so* pitiful.

"Part, Charlie!" she whispered again, slowly, as if waking out of a heavy sleep. Her limbs trembled, her breath came in little faint-gasps, and she grasped his arm more tightly to save herself from falling.

It was all up now. The child's white face, the terror-stricken look in her eyes, dashed away every remnant of resolution to do right. He could not marry her, but *they must not part*.

He stood still and faced her.

"Do you really love me, my little Lucille?"

Her hands crept into his, and she laid her cold cheek against his breast. She tried to answer, but she burst into a little sob. The rapid throbbing of the heart that rested against his own was answer enough. So Charlie stooped, and pressed the quivering mouth, the tearful eyes.

"And I love you, pet; love you so much that it would be worse than death to lose you!" he cried fiercely, straining her to him as though fearful lest something should wrest her away.

The sudden reaction from fear to hope made her shiver, but a bright flush swept across her face.

"I cannot marry you, Lucille."

He said it honestly, bravely. It was a sort of salve to his conscience not to deceive her, even if he wronged her. But Lucille knew nothing of marriage, nor of any social laws, so she merely crept a little nearer to him.

"And I shall always stay with you, always see you, Charlie?" she asked, without a blush.

A great throb of compunction shot through the man's heart. Her utter innocence of evil pleaded so strongly for her that he almost resolved to give her up, even at this eleventh hour. He looked at her, and the beauty of her face conquered him again. No, he could not give her up. He caught her to him, so that he should not meet her pure eyes while he spoke.

"Lucille, will you go with me to-morrow to some country where no one will know us, and then we need *never* part again?"

"O Charlie!"

Only his name; but the smile she gave, the sparkling light in her eyes, were more eloquent than a thousand flowers of rhetoric.

Charlie drew her arms round his neck.

"Our very last good-night, pet. Won't you kiss me of your own accord?"

And Lucille, with a boldness that sprung from simplicity, stood on tiptoe and kissed him fondly.

PART IV.

CHARLIE WILMOT went home in a curious tumult of feeling. The knowledge that in a few hours Lucille would be his own filled him with

a mad sort of happiness; but, at the same time, conscience smote him with a pertinacity that forced him to listen.

What was he about to do? The most cowardly action that a man could commit. He was going to take advantage of a girl's ignorance of evil.

Lucille was a waif, a stray; but she was as guileless as an infant, with a nature as pure as gold. If she understood right and wrong, would she have hesitated to follow the right? The answer was honestly, No.

Charlie pictured to himself how Lucille would grieve for him; he conjured her up, her cheek wan and pallid, her eyes haggard and sunken. He remembered the torture she went through, and again he faltered in his purpose. Then came the thought—Lucille may *suffer*, but she does not *sin*. It was *his* hand that would drag her across the great black gulf that divides the pure from the impure. No power on earth could make her recross that gulf. Suppose he died suddenly, what would become of her? This decided him, and, with an aching pain at his heart, such as he had never felt in his life before, Charlie Wilmot found himself on the morrow in the down express, resolved to put miles and miles between himself and a dire temptation.

PART V.

AND Lucille watched and waited with that tearless agony that is the hardest of all. She could neither eat, drink, nor sleep in the sickness of hope deferred. She grew hourly whiter and slighter, and a lassitude stole over her movements. Angry words met her ear, sharp blows stung her flesh; but she bore them all patiently and meekly. She did not seem to feel the words and blows somehow; all within her had grown numb.

The last day of Greenway's Royal Hippodrome at York arrived. Before the sun rose again the huge caravan would be far from the town.

All through the day Lucille moved in a sort of dream, and not a crumb passed her lips.

There was a long rehearsal, and Spitfire went through new evolutions, while the hand that held his rein was cold as a stone.

Then, when her task was over, the girl crept back slowly and wearily to her mean lodging, and wrote Charlie a little letter.

It was the last night of the season, and the circus was crowded to overflowing. The shrill fifes, the wheezy flutes, the cracked violins, the great drum, and the jingling triangles played with untiring energy. Jumbo the elephant floundered more heavily in the sawdust; the extraordinary peacock screeched louder; dogs, mules and donkeys went through their tricks and paces bravely. Banco the clown grinned wider and joked more recklessly; and at ten o'clock the gate flew open, and Mademoiselle Lucille, the "Wonder of the West," on her trained horse Spitfire, rode into the ring.

One eager rapid glance she threw round the building—a piteous heartbroken glance—that rested an instant on a familiar seat; then a broad white line of pain ran round the lips that wore their stereotyped smile; a strong shudder passed over the slender figure, and Lucille pressed her gauntleted hand down hard on her heart, as if in acknowledgment of her enthusiastic reception.

The performance went on. Spitfire waltzed and capered, pirouetted and vaulted obediently. The fifes, flutes, violins, drum and triangles sounded louder and louder; Banco cracked his whip harder and harder, and Spitfire flew madly round and round.

Then came the final *tableau*. The whole house rose in a thunder of applause; but—

Close by the entrance to the ring was gathered a horror-stricken group. On the ground, her long hair falling round her like a glittering veil, lay Mademoiselle Lucille; her blue eyes wide open, a smile still on her lips, and *Spitfire's foot upon her chest*.

Banco the clown, pallid through his paint, drew the little childish figure from Spitfire's fatal tread, and, unfastening the dark green habit, pnt his hand on Lucille's heart.

A few dead violets met his touch. The poor little heart they rested on was still.

A few days afterwards Charlie Wilmot came back to York. He had made up his mind to marry Lucille. Greenway's Royal Hippodrome was gone, but the "Wonder of the West" was left behind, sleeping quietly under a newly-made mound.

What Charlie felt, God and his own heart only knew. He wore a brave front before the world. He is years and years older now, streaks of silver gleam through his clustering brown curls; but often and often, when the daylight has waned and shadows trail across the earth, he reads Lucille's little letter:

"That *was* our very last good-night Charlie! We are going away to-morrow, and I shall never see your face again. My heart feels so cold and strange, Charlie—just as if it was *starved*.

Good-bye, Charlie! I send you half the violets you gave me that *first* night, to remind you of your poor little

LUCILLE."

A simple childish letter; but as Charlie reads his eyes grow very dim. Then he takes up the bunch of dead violets and presses them to his lips.

Those lips have never touched woman's lips since his poor little dead love laid her last kiss on them.



Puck's Triflinges.

THE CARPENTER'S WOOING.

"Oh, *beam* my life, my *awl* to me!"

He cried, his flame addressing—

"If I *'adze* such a love as yours,

I'd ask no other blessing!"

"I am *rejoist* to hear you speak,"

The maiden said with laughter—

"For, tho' I *hammer* guileless girl,

It's *plane* what you are *rafter*.

Now, if *file* love you just a *bit*,

What further will you *ax* me?

Can—will you be content with that,

Or will you further *tacks* me?"

He looked *handsaw* her words were *square*—

"No rival can displace me—

Yes, one more favor I implore,

And that is, dear Em, *brace* me!"

Eugene Field in *St. Louis Times-Journal*.

SPEAKING of dull times, a wicked Mobile man says that a few weeks ago a stranger arrived there and bought a bale of cotton, and a pleasant rumor at once started that the cotton-buyer had arrived; but it only proved to be a Chicago man with the earache.—*Cin. Sat. Night*. PUCK, Jan. 8th, 1879.

It appears that the above should have been credited to the "spicer" of the *Boston Commercial Bulletin*. With best apologies to Mr. B. F. Guild, we put back the spice in the proper spice-box.

PARTED.

We sat alone; your little hand
Lay on the table by my own;
Only a little hand, and yet
I cannot, while I live, forget
The tremor of profound regret
When I saw how your hand had grown.

We parted; but your little hand
Lay on the table, cold and fair;
Wide was the scope its numbers spanned;
Three bright-robed queens, serene and bland,
Two rampant jacks, a happy band,
While I had only one small pair.

What grief was mine! As one who stares
From some bold "bluffs" high-reaching crest,
Old "age" crept on me unawares,
I saw the "blind" and felt distressed,
I "straddled" down where I might watch
The tall red "chips" sail out to "see."

No "better" there, I could not catch
The "pot" that ne'er came back to me.
In vain I "raise" my voice, alas!
My kindred fail my "call" to see;
No "ante" comes, all loved ones "pass,"
And naught but "cussin" 's left for me.
—Hawkeye Burdette.

MARY'S LAMB.

Chinese.

Was gal named Moll had lamb,
Flea all samee whitee snow,
Evly place Moll gal walkee,
Ba ba hoppee long too.

Irish.

Begorry, Mary had a little shape,
And the wool was white entirely,
And wherever Mary would stir her stumps,
The young shape would follow her completely.

French.

La petite Marie had le june muttong,
Zee wool was blanchée as ze snow,
And everywhere la belle Marie went,
Le june muttong was sure to go.

Deutsche.

Dot Mary haf got ein leedle shaf;
Mit hair yust like some wool,
Und all der place dat gal did vent,
Dat shaf go like ein fool.
In N. H. Register's "Pastepot"—uncredited.

We met, 'twas at a charming ball
I claimed her for a waltz;
I gazed into her lustrous orbs
And found that one was false.

Those golden ringlets on her brow!
I thought 'twas monstrous hard
To be denied one, till I found
She bought them by the yard!

I carved her name upon the tree,
(Or was it her initial?)
She smiled, and thus revealed a fact—
Her teeth were artificial!

I praised the rose tint on her cheek,
As she leaned upon my breast;
She raised her head—alas, 'twas gone!
Transferred unto my vest!

My fellow-man! I warn you not
To marry a modern belle!
For if you should, too late you'll find,
She'll prove a perfect sell!

—Buffalo Sunday Morning News.

SHE came full chisel to his arms;
It really made him stair
To have her make a bolt for him
Before he could prepare.

He tried to screw his courage up,
And did his level best
To nail the matter then and there,
While clasped unto her breast.

Says he: "It augurs well for me,
All seems to hinge on this;
And what is mortise plane to see,
The porch child wants a kiss."

He kissed her lip, he kissed her cheek,
He called her his adored—
He drops his claw hammer next week,
And she will share his board.

—Yawcob Strauss.

SAID Little Johnnie Jones: "It would be amus-
ing quite,
If cats could speak our language loud and
clear,

For prob'ly when they gossip on a moony
roof at night

They say things it would make us laugh to
hear."

And little Jennie answered: "Well, possibly
they might

Talk plainer if they'd only purr-severe!"

—The Graphic.

THE President received yesterday. 8 to 7
were the hours.—Phila. Kronikle-Herald.

It is so cold in Idaho that the whisky is
chopped up into little chunks.—P. I. Man.

THAT hard "g" in Bulgaria has been a dread-
ful stumbling-block to the punsters.—Phila.
Ev. Bulletin.

LITERARY genius and financial ability make
as natural a yoke as milk-punch and champagne.
—N. Y. News.

JIM ANDERSON, Mme. Anderson, Mary An-
derson. Positive, comparative, paroxysmal.—
Rochester Express.

A HARTFORD family effectually wards off
tramps by having a ton of coal dumped in its
front yard.—Danbury News.

GRANT wanted to tell the Dubliners that he
was an Irishman by birth, but he was afraid it
would not go down.—Boston Post.

WE would not wish Eli Perkins dead, but we
would like to hear that he had commenced to
light his fires with kerosene.—Danbury News.

OUR boy came to us the other day and asked
us for a handful of gold, as he was informed
that gold had reached pa'.—Whitehall Times.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK colors to the roots of
his hair, when he meets the naked truth, the
reason he won't read PUCK.—Toronto National.

AND now if the milkmen will turn over a
new leaf and resolve not to touch water, what
a happy year this will be.—Phila. Kronikle-
Herald.

SOME wicked wretch suggests that deacons
be compelled to use a bell-punch when they
take up collections in the church.—Hackensack
Republican.

TALMAGE says they all Dewitt! C?—PUCK.
Cornet be that the people th'Arbuckle right
down to it and toot their own horn?—White-
hall Times.

A DRY-GOODS clerk of Shelbyville, Ill., has
swallowed a .22 cartridge, walks on tiptoe, and
is not in demand at balls as a partner.—Phila.
Ev. Bulletin.

THERE are people in New York who imagine
that their descent from some old Knickerbocker
who kept a vegetable stall makes them the cream
of society.—Free Press.

DON'T venture on the thin ice, just yet,
boys. If you should break through you might
take a bad cold, and perhaps have a coffin fit.
—New Haven Register.

WE suppose it will be several years yet before
we cease reading about the arrival of some mem-
bers of the Potter Investigating Committee at
New Orleans.—Cin. Sat. Night.

"THEM twins look as much alike as a pair
of suspenders," remarked a friend to a husband
who had experienced a surprise party a few
weeks since.—Wheeling Leader.

THE Annual of Phrenology and Health has
an article entitled "Treatment of the Drowned,"
which, strange to say, does not once refer to
burying them.—Oil City Derrick.

OWING to the extreme cold weather, it is ex-
pected that next year's crop of New Jersey
mosquitos will be born with fur collars around
their necks.—Phila. Kronikle-Herald.

SOME of our State exchanges have resumed.
One of them says that a man, who was skating
backward, fell in the water, and was scalded so
that his skin peeled off.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

A WHITEHALL justice sentenced a man who
stole a penny to the penny-tentiary.—Times.
And a man in Bradford who made a false note
was sentenced to Sing-Sing.—Bradford Breeze.

MRS. MARTHA JONES, of Indiana, is the
proudest mother in the land to-day. Her son
Daniel has just succeeded in eating thirty quails
in thirty consecutive days.—Oil City Derrick.

WENDELL PHILLIPS expresses his opinion that
"General Butler will never be fully estimated
in his lifetime." Then, for mercy's sake, hasten
the time when he can be estimated.—Danbury
News.

If you read the papers closely you will dis-
cover that those cities which have the least
money for charity are contributing the most
for next year's base-ball clubs.—Detroit Free
Press.

THE poorest men are not without friends. A
resident of Washington was escorted to the
almshouse by sixteen faithful dogs. They gave
him one paw-per dog to remember them by.—
Phila. Bulletin.

WHILE the thermometer was down in the
nine hole below zero last Wednesday morning,
Charles Francis Adams was wearing a cabbage
leaf in his hat to prevent sunstroke.—St. Louis
Times-Journal.

WHILE a Massachusetts man was on his knees
praying, his insane wife killed him. The idea
that he was wearing out his pants at the knees
was more than her brain could stand.—Phila.
Kronikle-Herald.

AMERICA is exporting lager to Germany.
After that almost anything may be expected.
Does the gentleman who presides over the place
which Bob Ingersoll says doesn't exist, want to
buy some brimstone?—Buffalo Express.

"COL. INGERSOLL has a new lecture on Job."
Job had a national reputation for Patience—
with a big P—but he never "had a lecture on
him." He had scarcely anything on him but
boils, and they are not as aggravating as a lec-
ture.—Norristown Herald.

THERE are times when the formality of an
introduction can be dispensed with. One of
these times is when you meet two young ladies
who have tipped over into a snow bank and are
unable to extricate themselves or turn their
cutter right side up.—Rome Sentinel.

THE Moffat bell-punch in Virginia, of which
so much was expected, has proved a failure. It
registered the drinks all right for a time, but
finally let down. Surrounded as it was con-
tinually by evil associations, no wonder it be-
came demoralized. It probably took to drink,
itself.—Cin. Sat. Night.

THE OLD MAID OF ATHENS.

Rome where you will and man is false;
His Spain may be most dire—
When once he has a Belfast, he
Will shortly of her Tyre.

Pekin in this Brest and you will see
That Isle of Man most dearly,
And yet Isay this Dublin plan
Will Rouen us quite clearly.

Heed not, O maid, the sighs and Wales
Of man, or else forlorn you
Will rue the time when, feet erect,
He'll pull his Sweden scorn you.

Though you be Hungary for love,
There's Norway that you can
Havana thing that's safe to do
With such a brute as man.

Eugene Field in *St. Louis Times-Journal*.

If any Chicago speculator wants to get up
"a corner" in loafers, his attention is respect-
fully directed to the corner of 12th and Market
streets.—*Wheeling Leader*.

A TROUPE of blondes who were censured at
Montreal for lack of wardrobe, proved that
they had on more than was required at a court
reception.—*Detroit-Free Press*.

ADOLPHUS thinks he has just as good a right
to stop on the doorstep of the church Sunday
evenings to light his cigar, as Matilda Jane has
to stop and pick up three or four yards of dry-
goods that she calls her trail.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

COLONEL NICHOLAS SMITH is lecturing on
"A Plea for Tramps." No apology is necessary,
Colonel. Any young man has a right to go
East and marry Horace Greeley's daughter, if
he gets a chance.—*N. O. Picayune*.

If an Arctic expedition were to start in search
of the North Pole at this writing, they wouldn't
have far to go. It is our firm belief that the
North Pole is coming in search of us, and is
only about a quarter of a mile away.—*Norristown Herald*.

"AH, there are only a very few more of us
great poets left!" sighed the Sweet Singer of
Michigan, as she read the announcement of the
death of Bayard Taylor. And then she resumed
her poem on the "Sad Death of Johnny Bop-
kins by Falling off a Shed."—*Norristown Wil-
liams*.

PUCK, the brightest and the only successful
American humorous paper, is the only paper in
New York, with the exception of the *Hotel
Gazette*, that echoes public opinion respecting
Mr. Hilton. Every hotel man should read
PUCK. Scissors and paste in the editorial office
of the *Gazette* would be of little service were it
not to clip the bright sayings of our independent
and spicy contemporary.—*The Hotel Gazette*.

"GATH," who scoffs at paragraphic wits and
calls them "low-salaried punsters," apparently
forgets who owned the amateur journal that
printed his incipient effusions twenty-two years
ago. It is hardly necessary to note that the
paper referred to died from the infliction of
precocious talent, which had been going beg-
ging in Philadelphia, from one Towns' end to
t'other. Next!—*Erratic Enrique*.

GEORGE (reading): "Prince Bismarck op-
poses the use of lager beer."

Materfamilias: "There, George, I told you
no culchored German likes it."

George (continuing): "He says it makes
people at once inert and insolent—"

Materfamilias: "Exactly what I say."

George (concluding): "And that good corn
brandy is infinitely preferable."

Unholy glee of George and sudden cessation
of maternal comments.—*Boston Journal of
Commerce*.

(A LONG WAY) AFTER REALF.

Back of the thoughts which one thinks is the
wearisome feeling of thinking,
Back of the draughts which one drinks is the
headache that comes after drinking.
—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

MIRACULOUS feats in dentistry are frequently
performed, sometimes a subject is chloroformed,
and when he recovers to consciousness his
shirt-studs are gone and the double cluster
firmly fixed in his jaw still remains. But the
most marvellous dental achievement has just
transpired with a Brooklyn dentist wherein a
lady has not spoken for six months. Through
a mistake he got hold of her breath and pulled
her voice out.—*Claude De Haven in Court
Journal*.

A ST. LOUIS lady has sued a reporter for
breach of promise, putting her damages at
\$15,000. For the sake of the reputation of the
profession it is hoped the reporter will put his
hand into his pocket and pay the lady the
amount claimed, and thus keep the affair out
of the Courts. This has been the plan we have
invariably adopted in the few affairs of the
kind in which we have found ourselves involved.
It is a little inconvenient at the time, but it
saves trouble in the end.—*S. F. Newsletter*.

"S'PORT" is the usual short way for writing
"Shreveport."—*Detroit Free Press*. And
"S'cat," by analogy, is denomitive for "shoot
the cat."—PUCK. And "d-p'up" stands for
the man who runs away and "don't pay up."—*Whitehall Times*.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations!
BOKER'S BITTERS.

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valu-
able medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a
sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine
cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for
mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the
cheapest Bitters in existence.

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NO LADY'S BOUDOIR IS COMPLETE

without POND'S EXTRACT. Its various toilet uses are becom-
ing as well known as its curative qualities for Inflammations and
Hemorrhages. Ladies preferring delicately perfumed toilet ar-
ticles should purchase our Toilet Cream, Price \$1.00, Dentrifice,
Price 50 cents, Lip Salve, Price 25 cents, Toilet, 3 cakes per box,
50 cents, all of which contain a large percentage of PURE Pond's
Extract and are the most perfect preparations manufactured by
POND'S EXTRACT CO., 98 Maiden Lane. Sold everywhere.

SOZODONT. To preserve the teeth and keep them pure
and white, to prevent their decay, there is no preparation in the
market equal to SOZODONT. To preserve the gums in a natu-
rally hard and healthy condition, there is no superior to SOZO-
DONT. To purify and sweeten the breath there is no rival to
SOZODONT. For a perfect mouth there is no recipe like the use
of SOZODONT. Consequently it is no wonder that the popularity
of SOZODONT as a dentrifice has no bounds. All Druggists
keep it.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of
youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c. I
will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This
great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America.
Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN,
STATION D, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

Dry Dock Savings Institution,

341 & 343 BOWERY.

The Trustees of this Institution have declared a dividend for
the six months ending Dec. 31, 1878, at the rate of 5 per cent. per
annum on all sums of \$2,000 and under, and on the excess of
\$2,000 at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, payable on and after
the THIRD MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1879.

DEPOSITS made ON or BEFORE JAN. 10th will be entitled
to INTEREST from JAN. 1.

ANDREW MILLS, President.

WILLIAM V. WEBSTER, Secretary.

GERMAN LIEDERKRANZ.

26th ANNUAL

MASQUERADE BALL,

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Thursday, February 13th, 1879.

Tickets at \$10—admitting one gentleman and one lady, under
the customary conditions.

ARION SOCIETY.

GRAND

MASQUERADE BALL

AT OILMORE'S GARDEN,

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21st, 1879.

Tickets \$5.00, admitting one Gentleman and one Lady.

Falk

PHOTOGRAPHER,

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Between 1st & 2nd Aves., New York.—Closed on Saturdays only.



Dr. Sweeney

OLD ESTABLISHED AND WELL-KNOWN
DENTAL ROOMS,

No. 6 E. 14th Street, near 5th Ave.

Whole and Partial Sets Beautiful Mineral Continuous Gum
Teeth, \$2.50, \$5.00, \$10.00, upwards. Decayed Teeth filled in a
superior manner without pain, so as to preserve them for life with
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